

A Change of Boarding Places

By S. B. HACKLEY

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"De's go past Miss Cecil's house?" "Favver, why not?" Ned Duncan, strolling along quiet palm-bordered Marvin street...

Cecilia, a young milliner who took four college-girl roomers to help out on her income, bent her yellow head lower over her heliotrope bed as she caught sight of his retreat...

White she puzzled with a hurt heart Driscoll was saying to himself: "I must keep away I must not see her any more..."

In the fourth year of Barbara's life with him, the baby with the rosy-black eyes had come to them. Then the next year Barbara died and the baby an girlish, whimsical, lovable thing...

Then the old cousin had returned and he had slung up the bungalow with its crown of purple blossom-covered bougainvillee, and the child had boarded since then...

He had thought she was the "another kind" of girl (Babs loved her) until lately. Since the evening before, he was certain she was not...

His landlady of the last month had been Miss Reeves' friend until Driscoll and little Barbara came to her boarding house, and it occurred to her that her quiet boarder, who had something to do with the management of the city waterworks system...

Something in the last week she had made the impression on Driscoll that Cecil didn't like children. He had come home a little earlier than usual that evening before and started to the kitchen...

"I wonder Ned keeps that child since his wife died and he has no one to care for her," he heard Cecil's soft clear voice. "I am going to try to persuade him to let me have a place for her in a home!"

Driscoll felt as though something had struck him. He turned and went upstairs. She—she didn't want him to keep little Babs—she cared so little for his baby she would persuade him to send her to a home!

The child dropped the doll Mrs. Akers had bought her that day and sprang into his arms. He kissed the eager little face over and over.

"Oh, Cecil—did you think that you could persuade me to do a conscientious thing like that?" he thought as Babs ran downstairs to tell Mrs. Akers "favver" had come.

Mrs. Akers was already aware of the fact. She had heard his step in the back hall; she knew he had heard Cecil's last remark.

"Was Miss Reeves here just now when I came in?" Driscoll asked at dinner. "I thought I heard her voice."

"Mrs. Akers had just finished a snore," "Oh, you eavesdropper! I hope we weren't saying anything bad," "Oh, yes we—Cecil was saying something about Babs, wasn't she?"

As Driscoll lifted the child to her chair Mrs. Akers, noting his set lips, felt that she had scored. Who was to tell him that Cecilia had been speaking of old Ned Mount, a destitute cripple who persisted in keeping his tiny orphaned grandchild in dirt and squalor?

That evening when the little girl slept Driscoll got out that other Barbara's picture—a thing he did not often do—much as he had loved her—since he had come to love Cecilia.

"The house of the heart has many chambers, Barbara, dear," he said to the picture, "and I wanted to put that other girl in the one alongside the one in which you stay, but oh, Barbara—Barbara—I love her! But she doesn't love the child—I don't ask her to come, Barbara!"

The evening after she saw Driscoll turn away from her gate, Cecilia went to the theater with Lucien Glover, a faithful admirer whom she particularly detested, and sat near Driscoll.

Driscoll, moody and unhappy, pretended interest in the play, but he had but one thought. Glover had no right to buy her her favorite Richmond roses—he himself had done that so long!

Two weeks later came the day of the annual rose carnival. Little Babs, wild with excitement, went to see the parade in the care of Mrs. Akers. That lady, engrossed in the conversation of a gossiping friend, gave the restless child but scant attention.

Seeing Cecil seated above her, the little girl climbed to her and leaned

confidingly against her. Cecil squeezed the plump little body to her, and kissed the watching little face.

"Favver won't bring me to see you any more," she whispered; "the link you don't like little girls!"

Cecil's head grew hot. Had little Akers put that and other ideas in his head? Little Babs danced away, but in less than five minutes Cecil heard her scream of terror. She sprang to her feet.

"My baby! My baby! Where are you?" Then she saw the child—her light dress blazing. Somebody had dropped a piece of burning paper. A moist swim before Cecil's eyes, but she shook it away and flung her tan wadded cape around the child.

"It's all out—the little girl isn't hurt!" she heard somebody saying. Then everything grew dark before her. Then evening grew dark before her. Then evening grew dark before her.

"That evening Cecil, waiting on like a queen by her four college-girl roomers, frowned a little when the doorbell rang.

"It's that Lucien Glover," she told them, "tell him I'm asleep, anything—only send him away."

But it was Driscoll that came in. He started to take her hands but seeing the handkerchiefs turned very white.

Cecil smiled tremulously in his troubled face. "Don't feel bad," she told him "my hands are only bittered a trifle. The doctor says they'll be healed in just a little while. How is my how is Babs?"

"I left her asleep," he answered. "She's not hurt at all. She begged me to bring her to you."

"I suppose," she told up her head. "You told her I didn't like little girls? What have you heard her say, Ned Driscoll, to make you think me that kind of woman?"

He colored hotly, but he told her and of Mrs. Akers subsequent remark. With flaming face Cecil explained.

"I'm ashamed," he said presently standing before her, full of contrition. "Oh, Cecil, I'm ashamed to tell you what is in my heart. Forgive me, I need—"

Her eyes twinkled. "I think you need a change of boarding place!"

"No," he said. "I need to be in my own home with the girl of my heart, but when I think what you must have thought of me these unhappy two weeks, I'm afraid—"

"What's two weeks?" She leaned toward him. "Oh, Ned, what's two weeks out of a lifetime?"

Then, very carefully, so as not to hurt the blistered hands, he took her in his arms.

Some Old-Time Big Cattle One English Ox, History Shows Weighed 3,700 Pounds, Another 4,340 Pounds.

With all the modern improvement in breeds of live stock it may be doubted whether there is living today a steer or ox equal in size to some of the fat cattle of olden times.

In 1845 there was disposed of a ruddle at Pratt's Old London Inn, in Taunton, England, a grand ox of the Devon breed that stood 19 hands high and weighed 3,700 pounds.

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NOW WE MAY KNOW BOSWELL

Description of Biographer, Written by Himself, Reveals Him as Very Human.

How pleasant it is to know that Boswell, who we have always thought was merely a kind of animated notebook, was a droll, vain, bibulous, warm-hearted creature, a good deal of a Peppys, in fact, says Collier's Weekly.

A. Edward Newton's entertaining "Amities of Book Collecting," a volume of essays which shows that a business man can write better literature than a hundred professors muddled into one, makes Boswell very human!

How jolly to hear that Boswell wrote press notices about himself! Here, in one of his own blurbs, which we quote from Mr. Newton's book:

"Boswell, the author, is a most excellent man; he is of an ancient family in the west of Scotland, upon which he values himself not a little. At his nativity there appeared omens of his future greatness. His parents are bright, and his education has been good. He has traveled in post chaises miles without number. He is fond of seeing much of the world. He eats of every good dish, especially apple pie. He drinks old beer. He has a very fine temper. He is somewhat of a humorist and a little tinctured with pride. He has a good manly countenance, and he owns himself to be generous. He has infinite vivacity, yet is observed at times to have a melancholic cast. He is rather fat than lean, rather short than tall, rather young than old. His shoes are neatly made, and he never wears spectacles."

This brings the excellent Boswell very close to us indeed; he might almost be a member of the Authors' League. Especially apple pie, bless his heart!

Unless a man has a little worry apathy, indifference and the mechanical physical disinclination to do your utmost without stint will be lacking. Without this condiment of life, this salt of the human cosmos, "we see to what absurd yet tragic physical lengths he is driven by the whip of that still vigorous tyrant, his self-insistence to fight."

Which one time had been used squarely and successfully against the real world enemy, is now absorbed in trivial and self-delighting skirmishes with the grotesque hohelshak of his imagination.

In other words, if a man has a variety of anxious explosive outlets via his muscles and intellect, such as driving, tennis, swimming, dancing, competition golf and the like, these act as safety valves for the multitude of impulses and reactions which habit and custom have compressed out of his external activities.

Worry is one of these, if not enduring an excessive. For the average man set on society in work and in his family circle it takes the place of larger and better outlets for his destroyed initiative.

Chinese Woman Encuffed Alive. An unusual case of filial ingratitude is reported from Huchow, China, in the Tokyo (Japan) Advertiser. A very aged woman lived with her son's family, who were so poor that they did not have necessary food. To reduce expenses, the son, forgetting his country's traditions regarding filial piety, conceived of disposing of his aged mother. He secured a coffin, placed his mother therein, without protest on her part, nailed on the cover and deposited the coffin in a vacant lot. Neighbors informed the police, and the coffin was taken to the station house, where it was opened. The woman was still breathing and when removed asked: "Why did you disturb me? I am a burden to my son and do not want to live. Please put me back in the box and let me die." The request was refused, and officials are detaining both mother and son in the yamen awaiting a judicial disposition of the case.

Algerian Grain Production. Methods of grain production used in Algeria are very similar to those used in Utah, Idaho and eastern Washington. Owing to the light rainfall much of the land is cropped only alternate years, a clean fallow being maintained during the summer preceding the sowing of the crop. In more favorable situations it is often customary to produce two or three grain crops in successive years, allowing the land to lie fallow one year in four or one year in five.

Speaking generally, the soils of the grain growing regions are rather heavy and are very productive when the rainfall is adequate. Some of the lands are undrained by calcareous hardpan, which it is sometimes necessary to break up by an occasional deep plow, in order to secure maximum production.

Making Arrangements. A stray but friendly cat wandered to the front door of a home where lived Charles, an only child. The little fellow was pleased with his new visitor, and was endeavoring to welcome him by bringing him into the house, when the mother appeared on the scene. She told the child that the cat was not allowed in the house, immediately after the cautioning and while the cat was on the front porch Charles went to the door and said: "Say, kitty, you come around to the back door and I'll meet you there."

To North Pole by Airplane. An expedition to be led by Capt. Robert A. Bartlett, explorer and navigator of Peary's ship Roosevelt, will be sent to the polar region next June to survey the North pole by airplane. The plan was conceived by Rear Admiral Peary, discoverer of the pole.

Bartlett is a Newfoundland, forty-three years of age. He began exploring 22 years ago, wintering with Peary in the Kane basin in 1897. He commanded the Roosevelt in its famous trip of 1905-9, reaching the eighty-eighth parallel. He was with the Canadian government arctic expedition in 1913-14; his vessel was crushed by the ice and Bartlett, with 17 others, reached Wrangel Island. He left 15 there, and with one Eskimo crossed to Siberia on the ice and returned with a rescuing party.

All Was Not Lost. "General," cried the orderly, riding up in great excitement, "our left wing is gone!" "Then it is no longer possible to fly," replied the general thoughtfully. "However, we should not forget that our legs are left."

Thereupon he led the way.—Boston Transcript.

FAMOUS ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

Great Britain Has So Strongly Fortified It That It Is Rightly Considered Impregnable.

Since the day, more than 200 years ago, when the flag of Great Britain was flung out over Gibraltar, the strong fortress in the world, that country has won many triumphs in commerce and has become mistress of the seas.

The rock of Gibraltar is 1,400 feet high and across the narrow bay may be seen the coast of Africa only nine miles away. The rock is nearly three miles long and about half a mile broad. On the eastern side the cliff is so steep that nothing but a monkey can scale it and there is a colony of monkeys living there, the only animals of their kind living wild in Europe.

The only possible approach to the rock is by land from the north, or from the sea on the western side. As viewed from the ocean the Rock of Gibraltar is impressive, strong, gloomy and forbidding. But flowers grow about the steep walls. The great Victoria anemones, occasionally fired are scattered and sheltered by acacia blossoms. Here are concealed 100 tons of shells, steeper threatening the north and northwest sides are honeycombed by fortifications. There is a town and harbor on the west protected by battlements and forts rising from the base to the summit of the Rock. Modern guns of the most formidable pattern crown the heights. The town is inhabited by a "mixed" colony of about 17,000 people. The city is under strict military regulation.

When John Lawrence left his home on the outskirts of town and took the little path along the railroad he walked as though he were treading on air. His heart was in tune with all the world and the autumn sun just setting, seemed a great pot of gold, at the end of his day's rainbow, beckoning him on toward everlasting happiness. Lillith had given him to understand that afternoon that she really cared—Lillith, who had coquetted with him ever since she began going away to school. There could be no mistake about her attitude this time, her open encouragement permitting but one interpretation.

"May I come tonight?" he had whispered as he was leaving her. "Yes and see," she answered coyly, waiting him a butterfly kiss from the tips of her fingers. And he was going to her now. He had determined to settle the future that very evening, come what may, and he was thinking with joyous pride, as he walked along of the comfortable nest in the savings bank which he could offer Lillith. When he was almost in front of the house he heard a sound of laughter and merrymaking from within, like a discordant note in the song his heart was singing.

"Better take it," he muttered. "Why couldn't she have been alone tonight, of all times?" "Here he is!" shouted Lillith gayly, answering his ring: "let's make him sit the fudge!"

He was dragged playfully into the living room, divested of outer garments and adorned with a huge gingham apron, which Lillith tied under his arms.

"Domestic robes are very becoming," she whispered with a blushing smile, which set his heart to beating a brisk tattoo. "Here's the spoon, and don't you dare stop beating until I give you permission!"

She closed his fingers over the spoon with an affectionate pat, turned the blaze a trifle higher under the chaffing dish, and then left him to play a duet with Hugh Birch. Still John had no thought save that of being in Lillith's home for just one purpose, which he meant to accomplish in spite of visitors.

"Why all the hilarity here this evening?" he inquired casually of Nell Hakesh, who had taken a place beside him at the table.

"Nothing special that I know of," Lillith just telephoned into this afternoon that she thought—chaffing Hugh—party would be fun, so we all came over."

Lillith Anderson had resorted to her old trick of playing with fire once too often—John was confident she must have known what he was coming for and, with the courage born of desperation, he decided there was no time like the present.

"Lillith, come here," he called. The new note of determination in his sudden command startled the girl into obeying at once, a thing she was not in the habit of doing.

"At your service, captain," she mocked, saluting soldier fashion, as she slipped into the chair vacated by Nell. "Fudge ready?"

"I don't know a thing about it, and neither do I care a rap," he answered doggedly. "I came here to see you alone and you deliberately planned this!"

"Love is like the red, red rose," she sang, interrupting him, while she took the spoon from his hand, turned out the blaze and began beating the steaming mass as though her very life depended upon it. "Now, fellow citizens," she called out, "we'll soon have something delectable to please your sweet teeth, if John will carry it out to cool."

She poured the fudge upon a platter and held it out to him in such a half-frightened, pleading way that, as usual, he fell before the spell of her wondrous eyes and found himself carrying the candy obediently to the back porch. But a dash of the bracing night air established his determination and he tore off the apron as he strode angrily into the hall. "Must you go, John?" Lillith asked timidly, with a faint note of concern in her voice.

"I shall not stay here and have you mock me for one more second! You know—you must have known—I was coming here tonight to ask you to be my wife, and you've played with me just as long as you're going to! What's your answer?"

He led her into the vestibule and shut the door, just as the rest of the party adjourned to the back porch to examine the candy, so they were alone. "Will you marry me?" he went on, taking her face between his hands and raising her eyes to the level of his own. "Answer me—will you?"

A peal of hysterical, mocking laughter was her only reply, and John Lawrence left her, going out without another word. As he walked along the railroad track, taking the short cut home, his heart was heavy. Lillith had deliberately laughed in his face after boldly encouraging him to speak. There was only one other thought in his mind, and that was to get away from her as far and as fast as he could.

He was dimly conscious that the whistle of the night express had sounded around the curve the other side of the bridge, but he was too deeply occu-

pled with his own thoughts to notice the misplaced rail in the track toward which the heavy train was whirling with increasing speed from the down grade behind. He had just time enough to jump aside when the engine crashed through one end of the little bridge and derailed the two or three cars behind it.

Almost instantly the night air was filled with cries of hysterical women, frightened children and the moans of the injured and John Lawrence, forgetting himself and his troubles completely, rushed forward to offer assistance. In an incredibly short time most of the town had flocked to the scene of the wreck. John worked hard, pulling away pieces of wreckage, putting out fires which started in many places and carrying the injured to places of safety.

With a little child in his arms he was passing beneath the glare of a brakeman's lantern when two hands grasped his arm and a frightened voice cried out: "Thank God, you are safe! I watched you start home this way and I was afraid you might have been killed."

He stared the child upon a heap of nearby blankets and gathered the sobbing girl in his arms. "Would you have cared, Lillith?" "I—should—have—died—too!" she whispered. "And, John, dear, I'll never try to tease you again."

AS TO MEN AND HUSBANDS According to This Writer There is a Subtle Distinction Between the Two Species. Immediately after the wedding ceremony men become dull and uninteresting and turn into husbands, says a writer in Judge. Husbands are all just alike and can be sorted out of any social gathering by the same set expression about the eyes and mouth.

It is more trouble to teach a husband to fetch and carry than a fox terrier puppy, and as a rule the puppy acts much better when there is company around. Husbands wait until some Sunday morning when you have distinguished guests with you for the week end. They burrow in the back of the closet and pull things off the high shelves and go through the rag bag. Then they appear at the breakfast table in the coat of one hilt, the trousers of another and a fancy vest, with an inch-wide tie tied in a four-in-hand as a finish.

And when you advertise your horror in a frantic effort to convince the visitors that he is suffering from temporary aberration any and every husband will assume an air of bewildered innocence and say: "Just what the matter with that! It's just what I wear every Sunday morning when there's no one here." Husbands always keep the Sunday papers on the floor. No man ever does this until he is married. His mother will not let him.

When a Maid Laughs

By BERTHA R. McDONALD

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When John Lawrence left his home on the outskirts of town and took the little path along the railroad he walked as though he were treading on air. His heart was in tune with all the world and the autumn sun just setting, seemed a great pot of gold, at the end of his day's rainbow, beckoning him on toward everlasting happiness.

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